

Lines written for the 90th anniversary of Aunt Mary Davis one  
of our oldest and respected citizens *—wife of 1st John Collins Jr*

*& Later: 2nd William Davis*

Aunt Mary

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Ninety years ago today in Dear old England far away  
Upon a bonnie August morn Aunt Mary Davis, she was born  
She grew up beautiful and fair among the lads and lassies there  
And when quite young and full of life a fine young man made her his wife  
But they had heard the Gospel plan and started out for Zion's land  
They knew the journey would be long but they were young  
and brave and strong.

But coming over the plains her husband could not  
stand the strain

He died and left his Dear young wife  
Who loved him more than life.

But she survived this sad, sad fate  
and came right on into Salt Lake

She found another good true mate  
Who like herself had lost his mate  
They lived together for many years  
And to each other were very dear.  
They raised a family and had much joy  
Along with their dear girls and boys  
God blest the labors of their hands  
and soon they owned both home and land  
And they were known  
For deeds of kindness and good cheer.

both far and near

But bye and bye her husband died  
And at his death she mourned and cried  
Though left a widow the second time  
She at her fate did not repine  
But has lived for many years alone  
In her clean and tidy little home.  
And is known and loved by every one  
Who to her cosy home have come.  
Her cheerful voice and pleasant smile  
Make a visit to her worth while

And now at the end of ninety years  
We are all glad to have her here  
And we pray God's blessings on her still  
That she may live if it be His will  
But when at last she leaves us here  
May she be called to a holier sphere.

Written by William Lindsay (Annie L Clyde's father) of Heber, Utah